THE

HARVARD LYCEUM.

No 13.] *Cambridge, December* 29, 1810. [Vol. I.

POETRY.

THE AD,

A POEM IN TEN BOOKS. BY J. LOWBARD.

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

La Legere set—Change 2d—La Pyramide—First gentleman leads his partner into the middle, and leaves her there—The other gentlemen do the same, each in his turn—The four gentlemen chasse round the ladies, stopping opposite their partners—then balance, and turn their partners to their places—chasse across all.

IN his treatise upon the sublime, Longinus, with an artifice unbecoming his character, has placed his defence of liberty in the mouth of a third person, and made a mock of refuting it. To an artifice equally ingenious, and far more honourable, has Mr. Lowbard resorted, to expose the concealed influence and detect the insidious operation of fashionable folly and popular vice. Professing to take for his argument the arrangement of a cotillon, he has shown it to admit an allegorical construction, consistent and serious,

and like the Eleusinian mysteries that conveyed the secrets of religion, by symbolical celebrations, to represent, by the movements of a dance, the manners of real life and of actual characters. The first movement of the cotillon alludes to the cold indifference and unfeeling neglect, which the parties of the sacred contract of marriage feel and practise towards each other: and this, not in the laborious rounds of vulgar life, but in the circles of easy affluence and elegant refinement. For it is "the *first* gentleman that leads his partner into the middle," introduces her to the wide world of polite vice, and heedless of the fate of her principles and affections, "leaves her there." The fatal influence of high example prevails; what the first gentleman does, the second must do, and in short, "the other gentle-"men do the same, each in his turn." Their consorts thus deserted to chance or destiny, with the volatile restlessness of fashionable dissipation, the gentlemen, if such they may be called, whirl round the ladies, whisper perhaps a compliment to one, and breathe a sigh to another, and when the round of vivacious folly is completed, return to the point from whence they first started, return fatigued and disgusted to conduct their wives to the tedious duties of an unloved home, "and stop, alas, opposite their partners, balance, "and turn them to their places." Worn out with dissipation of time, of fortune, and of intellect, moroseness and acerbity gradually supplant the assumed urbanity which politeness prescribes to them, and ill-tempered sourness frowns at the forsaken altar of noisy mirth and loquacious merriment. "They chasse a-*cross* all." Such is the progress, and such the termination of a life of gaiety and unreal pleasure, as concisely expressed by the argument, and admirably illustrated by the poetry of the sixth book of the AD. We accompany this naked analysis with our customary selection of some of the most beautiful passages. The title, LA PYRA-

MIDE, of the cotillon which furnishes Mr. Lowbard the felicitous occasion of his valuable exposition, as set forth above, suggests, among many others, the following lines.

NEAR Cairo's streets, which odious filth defiles,
And houses line, of timber built or tiles ;
With heaven-ward heads, the conquerors of time,
The mighty pyramids tower and swell sublime.
On their tall tops the moss of ages grows,
From their sound sides the unmelting torrent flows.
Hail, glorious structures of some potent lord !
One useful lesson shall your fate afford.
This shall it teach, that unremitting man,
Whate'er he will, if he but will, he can.
In oldest time, were reared your famous forms ;
And every time has poured its blasts and storms.
In vain the blast in fiercest fury roars,
In vain the storm its solvent rivers pours.
On your proud tops your founder's ghost has stood,
Smiled at the whirlwind, and defied the flood, &c.

Returned from this digression, the poet enters upon his subject, as follows, and we must entreat our readers, that though they be called to the sacrifice of some of their most favourite notions, they would follow Mr. Lowbard with candid impartiality.

Accursed refinement ! to thy savage sway
We owe the woes of our degenerate day.
Scourged by thine arm, the form of virtue flies,
Truth breaks her promise, and religion dies.
Forth through the land, expands thy sovereign word,
And vice and misery leap to serve their lord.
She comes, the monster Play, her opening hand,
Drops dice and dice-box round the fated land.
Her car of cards, by imps and furies drawn,
Flames a hot lustre, like a dog-day dawn.

Backgammon tables on her progress wait,
Delude her votaries, and induce their fate.
The drama too, with fascinating art,
Warps the affections of the unpractised heart.
The bravely guilty, and the vicious great,
The crimes of noble name, and pompous rate,
Robed in the rich attire of glowing phrase,
Speak to the passions, and exact their praise.
But softer arts and tenderer foes conspire,
To quench the radiance of the moral fire.
From France they come, and, on fantastick toe,
Trip through the land, and ruin as they go.
She comes, COTILLON ! on her lovely face
Glows a fresh bloom, and smiles a charming grace.
Her fairy form, on airy footsteps borne,
Moves like Aurora, when she leads the morn.
Around her steps a gallant crowd await,
And dance unthinking on the verge of fate.
Lured by her syren acts, the attractive ball
Calls their gay presence to the festive hall.
The mother leaves her little child to weep,
Sent off at seven to bed—but not to sleep:
And Miss forgets her needle and her books,
While all her thought is how she moves and looks;
Nor think the scholar's cell exemption claims:
His are the fancy's flights, the passions' flames.
He feels the beauties of a pretty face,
And pays devotions at the shrine of grace.
The son of Galen quits his sober cell,
Shuts up his own*—to find a lovelier belle.
The not-yet jurist leaves his Term Reports,

* BELL, the surgeon, has recently published a book, called the Anatomy of Expression, which cannot be too much recommended to the man of taste; nor too much studied by those, whose profession it is, to define the various expression of the human countenance.

And flies where fashion holds her airy courts.
All ranks and orders join the fatal dance,
And quit their business to the care of chance.

The poet proceeds with his severities against dancing, but the lines we have quoted, together with his subsequent remarks, and the tenour of his reasoning fully show, that his objections to it are founded, not on its intrinsick nature, but on the tendency, which it has, to discommend the collected gravity of sober business, to unsettle serious thoughts, and to induce habits of mental dissipation. But as he well knew that he was attacking popular opinions, and combatting fashionable prejudices, he thought it necessary to enliven the harsh strictness of his invectives, with the animation of pleasantry and humour. The vexations of a person who finds in the midst of a dance, that his hose are "swing-"ing from their moorings," is thus ludicrously represented.

And while he dances in vivacious glee,
He feels his stockings loosening from his knee;
The slippery silk in mind-benumbing rounds,
Descends in folds, at all his nimble bounds.
Unhappy man, thy curdling blood in vain,
Flows through the channel of each shutting vein.
A pallid hue thy ghastly face o'erspreads,
Thy forehead glistens with fear's anxious beads.
The fatal truth thine active muscles cramps,
Thine ardour freezes, and thy spirit damps.
With cautious step thy timid feet advance,
And weave with curious care the dreadful dance.
Thy partner wonders at the change. No more,
She sees thee bound elastick from the floor;
No more she sees thine easy graceful air:—
Each jump is measured with exactest care.
But, wondering maid, the mighty cause behold,
Mark the big wrinkle, and the clumsy fold, &c.

In the perusal of the sixth book, we are happy to see the Italicks, which indicate the labours of Mrs. Lowbard's polished mind. We insert the context, that the sense may be better conveyed.

—Oft the ambitious beau disease's bed
Will leave, and dress and curl his pain-racked head.
Array the form, that totters as it moves,
And rashly venture on the dance he loves;
His feeble fame, with exercise o'erstrain,
Relapse to sickness and recal his pain.
Disease increased draws nigh, his hopes retire,
And health and spirits flutter and expire.
So on some fattening river's fertile side,
A field of corn exalts its yellow pride.
The vigorous stalks, imbibed the soil's rich juice,
Put forth their ears, that ripen into use.
Cool rains have watered, genial suns have smiled,
The heavens have favoured, and the farmer toiled.
The expecting sickle waits the approaching day,
When Autumn's fruits shall Summer's labours pay.
To bed the farmer goes; the day to come
He means shall close upon his harvest home.
Serene he sleeps. When lo! the troubled sky
Pours forth its rains, and bids its whirlwinds fly.
The whirlwinds lay his cornfields on the ground,
Swollen by the rain, the river bursts its mound;
Sweeps every ear, that strews the encumbered plain,
And wafts its yellow trophies to the main:
So have I seen the tiptoe belle advance,
To join the lively circle of the dance.
Her rich crape gown, with many a spangle bright,
Waves as she moves, and dims the dazzled sight.
Pleased in self-pride, she waits her turn to move,
To waken wonder, and to levy love.
Now but one movement of the tune she waits,

To bring to her, her turn, to beaux, their fates.
High burns her bosom, with the kindling flame,
Of numerous conquests, and of flattering fame.
When lo! a luckless foot, with fatal force,
Through her rich robe, directs its blundering course.
The tear of anguish trembles in her eye,
And her proud bosom swells—but with a sigh.
With sullen look, she strives in vain to array
That face in smiles, where smiles no more shall play; &c.

In his observations on dancing, Mr. Lowbard does not forget the Waltz. As he traces its origin to Vienna, he pauses a while to contemplate the Austrian's character, to admire the Austrian's bravery, and to lament the Austrian's fate. He devotes the tribute of some lines, from which the following are selected, to the commemoration of that resolution, which reared a banner of resistance to the arms of France, which died the Danube with some of the choicest French blood, and which if it submitted, submitted only when opposition were destruction.

————when not an arm was found,
To check their progress, or their fury bound:
When Berne's brave sons had bent the servile knee,
Till they forgot their fathers had been free:
When Milan's towers had seen the victor come:
And conquering Frenchmen trod the streets of Rome:
When Prussia's neck had worn the insulting yoke:
And Russia's power, on Tilsit's fields had broke:
Undaunted Charles advanced his gallant form,
And spoke defiance to the lowering storm.
Bohemia's peasants hear his summons-word;
Franconia hastens to obey her lord;
The rude Carinthian decks him for the war;
And numerous Swabia musters from afar.

A thousand legions swell the pompous ranks,
And Danube startles from his war-clad banks.
Beneath their swords the unconquered Frenchmen bend,
Look down, O Justice, and assistance lend !
Ah no ! one struggle marks their dying name :—
The lamp's last splendour burns with brightest flame.

TO ANNA.

Sleep had shut each wearied sense :
Dreams of peace and innocence
Floated through my raptured brain,
Freed from care and freed from pain.
Then, O then, no longer eye
Poured the tear, or heart the sigh !
Hushed was every care to rest,
Hushed each tumult of the breast.
Sweetest strains to heaven aspire !
Fairy fingers kiss the lyre :
Flowerets breathing odours round,
Aid the magick powers of sound,
Lo, on glittering wings upborne,
Blooming like the empurpled morn,
Maia's son, above my head,
Thus in heavenly accents said :
" Youth, thy vows have reached to heaven,
" To thee the precious boon is given.
" The nymph adorned with every grace,
" Charm of mind and charm of face,
" Thou soon shalt see : be blessed, while I
" Reascend my native sky."
Like the meteor's trailing light,
He vanished in the shades of night.
The promised form now soared in air ;—
Thou, Anna, wert the peerless fair !

THE TURNPIKE.

[This performance was delivered as a valedictory poem at the Hasty-Pudding Club. *Ed. Lyc.*]

OF turnpikes, turnpike-gates, and ' taking toll,'
Of ways as plumb-line straight, or ten foot pole ;
Of turnpike corporations, shares, and gain,
And all that does to turnpike roads pertain :—
What use, what inconvenience, what beside
Can teach to make them, walk them, and to ride,
Sing thou, Originality, the muse,
That long hast fed me with ambrosial dews,
That forceful snatchedst me from the tuneful nine,
And yet an infant swarest I should be thine.

Nor, courteous brothers, think my subject mean ;
For had my brother Maro but foreseen
What vast improvements our blest times would bring,
He who of oxen, corn, and vines could sing,
He who could pipe of shepherds, goats, and trees,
And e'en there animalculæ, the bees,
Had soon aspired to more exalted lay,
And sung of nought but turnpikes, night and day,
Vain then had been our late degenerate strain,
Our wit, our satire, our instruction vain.

First how to make them.—Choose a starting place,
From which an arc of earth's circumference trace ;—
Not with such instrument as mortals make ;
But rather for such curious purpose take
Imagination's compass, huge and long,
Unerring instrument ! whose either prong
From Herschel reaches to the blazing sun ;
And which extended to a line straight run,
In boundless fancy's opticks will appear
The grand diameter of solar sphere.
Centre, earth's centre, radius, length of space.
From that dark centre to your starting place.

Then draw the ample arc o'er hill, o'er dale,
O'er woods, o'er ponds, o'er mountain, brook, and vale.
Then cut down woods, and level dale and hill,
The mountains raze, and ponds and vallies fill ;
Tear from tenacious clay the rooted stumps,
And shape to cylinder the earthy lumps ;
Then press beneath the ponderous rolling stone
The light consistence, and your work is done.
A solid arch the lengthened way appears,
And firm upholds the traveller whom it bears.

But though you still affect the shortest rout,
And, thus directed, nicely mark it out,
Heed not to deviate a mile or more,
To pass by rich subscriber's fronting door ;
For many a shining eagle will it take
Such goodly turnpike to project and make.

Much boots it central city, that the hind
Short easy course to publick fair may find ;
Much boots it weary traveller, that the way
By steps and windings cause him no delay,
When pressing call or business urges on,
Or sacred friendship claims return anon ;
Much boots it thriving country, that the road
Short, safe conveyance through its parts afford,—
A crooked road supposes crooked walls,
And indolence for rectilinear calls.
And should penurious traveller miss his way,
In starless night, or ruthless wintery day,
What hind can gratis food and shelter give,
And starve the babes, that by his labours live ?
But should he break a back or bruise a head,
Whole months he occupies the hind's best bed ;
And then much more than his free care and cost
Is to the poor retarded traveller lost.
From such sad chance are well made turnpikes free,
So would I life's gay paths might ever be.

But more : How busied seem those men today,
In that old road, on that poor piece of way.
Their neat built houses line its winding course,
And much it grieves them turnpike-men should force
The gazing traveller from their cots and farms,
Their sons' inquiry and their daughters' charms.
And hence with turnpike-men they labouring vie
To allure the passing foot and wondering eye ;
Hence straight or crooked roads are better made,
And turnpike-men teach other men their trade.
But some small loss attends such obvious gain ;
This too the impartial muse must now explain.
Should centles's wight attempt the licensed gate,
How sad must be his chance, how hard his fate.
Not Charon louder challenges his fare,
Than the unfeeling tollman, stationed there.
Thus have I heard of swift green-mountain sleigh,
Which nimbly gliding o'er the turnpike way,
The opposing tollman met. His opened hands
The accustomed tribute carelessly demands ;
A shrewd green mountain boy his hands receives,
And house and tollman's hat behind him leaves:
Not so the gate, which from its hinges torn,
In noisy triumph with its lord is borne,
Till full the square of three long miles below,
Tollman and gate are landed in the snow.
Another joke in different form was played :
Some wags a road behind the toll-house made.
The wise turnpike-men thought it passing droll
That men should thus presume to 'scape the toll ;
They move the toll-house some half mile or more,
And toll exact more strictly than before.
The wags continue on their scot-free path,
Again they move the turnpike-gate in wrath ;
The wags eke out their scot-free path again,
Again the toll-house moves along the plain,

Till lo, this mock and curved way is made,
Straight, equal, parallel, well-arched, and staid;
The wags, to square the joke, affix a name,
And the great *shun-pike* to the world proclaim.
Small matters these; from which proceeds no worse
Than what is caused by empty pouch and purse;
A few round dimes will guard against them all,
And ope the turnpike gates to great and small.
But turnpike roads will frequent want repair,
For oft the rains their rough foundations bare;
Then stones, and logs, and remnant stumps project,
And oft the unwary traveller's foot detect;
Or plunge the horse and rider to the ground,
The rider kill and guiltless courser wound.
But often more and worse than this I've known,
And which had not my strict observance shown,
I might have thought a fiction, false and vain,
Hatched in some poet's wildered, care-crazed brain.
Of all the roads, by mortals ever made,
Since making roads became a licensed trade,
From Noah's flood to this same passing hour,
Turnpikes alone have locomotive power:
For oft whole roads of swampy way are found,
Like coward hares, to burrow under ground.
Down rolls the gravel mount the abyss to fill,
Again sneaks out of sight the levelled hill,
Till, like Chinampa floating on the lake,
A buoyant platform of tall pines they make;
Then wheel thereon, by small hand-barrow load,
The gross materials of the future road.
But still unlike the Indian's happy isle
The destined fortune of the finished pile;
His little garden floats in crystal flood,
Their grand gigantick turnpike swims in mud.
Again: when now constricting colds appear,
And lock in icy chains the palsied year,

Each yielding substance freeze to solid mass,
And loaded teams o'er soundless bottoms pass,
Then while the rude and boisterous winds repose,
Should gentle flakes of calm descending snows
But thinly o'er the hardened surface strow
An even bed, the gliding sleighs might go;
But when the rising winds begin to play
Upon the smooth and high-arched turnpike way,
The scattered flakes will leave the turnpike bare,
And earth and stones the moping runners tear,
Harsh grating sound, to nice fastidious ear,
To dull slow progress solitary cheer.

But though man's sluggish half no hindrance find,
Not so his better part, the insatiate mind.
Dull uniformity the mind disdains,
The sight of dreary swamps and desert plains.
Where though unnumbered swamps and plains are past,
Each prospect seems as gloomy as the last,
And each succeeding object to the mind
Appears the image of that left behind.

Thus, if lost health or pleasure you pursue,
Be sure to shun the unvarying, joyless view;
And choose the road that winds round lake and hill,
Through flowery vale and near the dimpling rill:
O'er lofty mountain's brow, and then again
Descends upon the verdant corn-clad plain;
By farmers' cots, and orchards bending o'er
With ripening fruit, the rustick's winter store.
Such scenes will compensate for length of way,
And short will seem the longest summer day.

Part yet remains unsung: the shares, the gains,
The premium earned at such expense and pains.
Ah that would puzzle wizzard wits to tell,
And break grey-bearded druid's mystick spell.
'Tis fixed by one, not thought to be a witch,
At two per cent; but plus or minus which

No algebraist yet has dared to say,
Nor fluxion-hunter of a solar ray.
The grave faced corporation first convene,
And talk the matter o'er themselves between :
" 'Tis constant property, and will descend
To ages without number, without end.
What though *we* never see our six per cent ?
The money is not lost ; it is but lent,
Where lurking bankruptcy can never come,
And where, secure from knaves, the trifling sum
Shall yield increasing interest, year by year,
Till our sons' sons shall reap an income clear
Of thrice the capital, their dividend,
Free of repairs, at every quarter's end."
Home goes each gaping gull, and chuckles there,
Musing how monstrous rich he'll make his heir.
Till ah ! the curst repairs find ample vent
For his vast hoards of one and one per cent.
Then to the learned lawyer forthwith goes,
By ample proof of wits non compos shows
His contract void, himself no turnpike-man,
And his said money forced by woful ban.
Perhaps he wastes the sum reclaimed thrice o'er,
And finds his wits no worse than aye before,
While still the sum lies snug in turnpike shares,
Sold gradual off to pay the dear repairs.

Thus have we reached at length the destined goal,
The turnpike travelled o'er and paid our toll ;
And though too rough and toilsome oft the way,
Though oft uncouth and disonant the lay,
Where still the attempt the ear distinctive wounds,
To blend to harmony discordant sounds,
Be this our solace : 'Tis the wearied guest
Who finds at eve his appetite the best.
So may we relish this hard-earned repast,
And our last meeting prove both best and last.

ON THE STUDY OF METAPHYSICKS.

It has often been made a question, whether the study of mathematicks or metaphysicks had the greatest tendency to improve the reasoning powers. Since the greatest utility, derived from the study of either of these branches of science, is probably to be found in their effects on the faculties of the mind, and not in the knowledge gained immediately by such study, this question is a very important one to those, who are acquiring their education.

Those powers of the mind, which may distinctively be called the reasoning powers, are, I suppose, attention, judgment, and apprehension. That these are all or most of the faculties, which argumentation requires and exercises, is not pretended. For there is no natural gift of intellectual talents, and no grace of acquired knowledge, there is no diligence of investigation, nor perseverance of industry, which is superfluous to the Reasoner. But the three powers, above named, may perhaps deserve the appellation of reasoning powers. The Attention, because it is of primary importance, to detain the point at issue in the mind, till its precise nature is ascertained, and all possibility of misapprehension excluded. In the course of argument, too, it is only by preserving a distinct remembrance of this point, and by resolutely directing the mental attention thereto, that the question can be discussed with any hope of solution. The judgment may be discriminatingly called a reasoning power, since the main end of reasoning is to deduce conclusions before unknown, or truths before doubted, from acknowledged axioms and demonstrated propositions. Now having the premises distinctly stated and well understood, nothing remains but for the judgment to deduce the inevitable consequences that must follow therefrom. The Apprehension or Conception is finally a reasoning power, because in all ar-

gumentations, especially those which are extemporary, very much depends on a ready discovery of the force of any particular circumstance, affecting the case, or of any objection adduced by an opponent. This enumeration may be imperfect, but it is believed to be correct as far as it extends.

In metaphysical inquiries almost all the faculties of the mind may find objects of exercise. It is true that the imagination seems to be excluded from their region, and that fancy and wit are proscribed the territories of metaphysicks. They probably are. It is, too, perhaps to be wished that the same might be said with truth of Invention. So much errour and so much disputable absurdity have had their origin, in the hypothetical philosophy, that it is indeed to be wished that metaphysicians had always pursued the inductive method; had contented themselves with the observation of phenomena, and relinquished the vain satisfaction of assigning causes to ultimate appearances. For reasons, which it were tedious to enumerate, I am induced to think that the same powers, which have just been called reasoning powers, are those which find especial exercise in the study of metaphysicks. Particularly the Attention, which if duly engaged to arrest the passage of the abstract ideas about which metaphysicks are employed, and detain their progress till the mind can perceive all their relations and natures, will be found more serviceable in these inquiries, than perhaps any other faculty. It is then considered as granted that the Attention, Judgment, and Apprehension, which we have called the reasoning powers, are those faculties of the mind, which are chiefly exercised in the study of metaphysicks. It follows, therefore, that to engage in metaphysical inquiries, is directly to call into action the reasoning powers, and that is inevitably to improve them.

There is in mathematical truth a definiteness and precision, unattainable in any other science. The objects of its

branches, its essences, to speak technically, are of the creation of man. It is a human institution, that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones, and the mind in contemplating this truth regards one of its own works. Errour is consequently more easily refuted, and truth more readily attained than with respect to ideas of substances, independent of our power for existence or relations. As demonstration is practicable in mathematical truth, it is considered as its test, and if an hypothesis or proposition fails when tried by it, it is unanimously rejected. This is not true of metaphysicks. Few of its truths admit of demonstration, and none are placed beyond possible and even actual question. For this reason and from this cause they exercise the reasoning powers: And the facts alledged, are the cause why there is less need of the attention, the judgment, and the apprehension in mathematical studies. The truths, which are the objects of these studies are exalted on a throne of certainty, where indeed they may be respected and admired, but to which their title is so clear that disputation is abashed. The principal effect of mathematical studies is to induce a well disciplined mental method. And this method is a very great thing, but not so great as the judgment, which purveys its materials and its objects. I would say therefore that the principal value of mathematical studies is that they methodise, of metaphysical that they develope, expand, and strengthen the mental faculties.

I cannot conclude these superficial remarks, without adding my feeble testimony to that eternal commendation, which is due to the philosophy of the mind. Of the objects of other sciences much may be but curious, and much valuless with regard to human happiness. But when we approach the philosophy of the mind, we approach the study of that which assimilates us to the Deity. We approach to discover the nature, ascertain the power, and understand the

proper application of our intellectual part. Poetry then may charm the fancy, and fiction amuse the taste. The mathematicks and physicks may teach us what man's own reason can make, or the properties of matter: But the philosophy of the mind employs its noblest powers, in contemplation of their grandest object, themselves.

STATE OF LEARNING IN FRANCE.

A NECESSARY connexion seems to obtain between the arts and the sciences. Where one is encouraged, the other almost invariably appears; and the persecution of either forces both into exile. They are equally the offspring of refinement, and owe to the same causes their origin and decay. As the mind expands, and man begins to exercise the faculties which he for the first time knows he possesses, society becomes improved; learning breaks from the shackles which ignorance and superstition had imposed, and, while her triumph is gradually completed, literature, science, and the arts arise and flourish together. Desire of literary distinction succeeds to the blindness of credulity, and the wild sallies of ambition, and every one follows the path which the peculiar bent of his genius recommends.

To the truth of this remark, the present history of France may perhaps be adduced as an objection. Why, it may be asked, has literature fled with the exiled house of Bourbon, and why is that nation now chiefly distinguished in the learned world for her scientifick attainments, which was a short time ago so remarkable for her literary acquisitions? For this phenomenon it is easy to account. In the interval between the persecution of the unfortunate Louis, and the elevation of his successor, every thing that improves and refines the mind was unencouraged, or worse than neglected. What else could we expect amidst the scenes of such a savage and

disgraceful revolution? They who by their influence could best patronize learning were banished, or at least deprived of the power of befriending it. Afterwards, when the French had exchanged a mild despotism for a sanguinary tyranny, it became the object of the emperour to prevent literature from reappearing in revolutionized France, and to encourage the sciences in their stead. The former might enlarge the minds of the people, awaken them from the dreams of ambition and licentiousness, and make them uneasy under his yoke. The pen of the scholar might be the engine of liberty, rather than the tool of arbitrary power; and eloquence, strengthened by its assistance, might animate the nation to the recovery of its rights. But improvement in the sciences, beside reconciling the people to the loss of their literary fame, assists him in the prosecution of his ambitious designs. The mathematicks particularly are of incalculable importance in the art of war. The emperour is of course attached to that study, and France is not ashamed to let the pursuits of one man become the exclusive pursuits of the nation. This will perhaps be sufficient to account for the present state of learning in that country; which only proves that in that, as well as every thing else, France is an exception to all general rules.

The history of the revival of letters, particularly in the Italian states, confirms the assertion that the fates of the liberal studies are interwoven with each other. As the shades of ignorance were gradually dispersed by reason and refinement, a total revolution in manners and principles was effected. The vast fabrick of superstition that had for so many ages frowned upon the world, began to totter under the weight of its own unwieldy magnificence: learning awoke, and seemed invigorated by the repose of centuries. The palaces of the nobility became her asylum and temple. The sculptor, the painter, the poet, and the scholar flourished to-

gether. Learning was the key to the first offices of the state; and the collector of the remains of ancient lore was more valued than the conqueror of empires. At this happy period, the invention of the art of printing secured to posterity the acquisitions of past ages, and completed the emancipation of the human mind. There were then no peculiar circumstances to impede the progress of any branch of know edge: but genius, free and unbiassed, roved through every path that was shaded by a tree or adorned by a flower. The effect was what might have been expected; and that golden age of Italy produced at the same time the most sagacious politicians, the finest artists, and the most elegant scholars.

But this interesting epocha was doomed to resemble, in more than one respect, the age of Augustus. The glory of Italy was the precursor of her speedy and total downfall. Like the dying swan, her last strains were the most melodious, and her literary fame expired with her most tuneful sons. The arts and sciences still remained united in their decline as well as in their rise. The same genial rays had swelled them to maturity, and they now withered together in the cold winter of neglect. The Italians of the present day found their claims to distinction rather on the merits of their ancestors than on their own; and their country is visited by the traveller not so much for respect of what she is, as admiration of what she has been.

Since this evident connexion exists between all the branches of knowledge, may we not indulge the most flattering hopes of the future eminence of our contry? Surely, American air is not impregnated with dulness, nor American soil too barren to nourish the shoots of improvement. On the contrary, the liberal encouragement of literary institutions, and the rapid progress of taste and refinement, encourage the belief that our country will not long remain a stranger to literary distinction.

LIMON.

".....Pratensibus optima.....
" Natura est." HOR.

MELANCHOLY.

THE wonderful effects of a deep and inveterate melancholy were never perhaps more strongly exemplified than in that eminent dissenting clergyman, Simon Browne. He not only ceased to discharge his publick duties, but even refused to engage in private devotion. The reason he alleged for this extraordinary conduct was, " that he had fallen un-
" der the displeasure of God, who had caused his rational
" soul gradually to perish, and left him only an animal life
" in common with brutes: That it was therefore profane in
" him to pray, and improper to be present at the prayers of
" others." What renders this circumstance yet more extraordinary is, that he firmly adhered to this opinion when his judgment and the powers of his mind were clear and vigorous; for at this period he published a defence of the *Religion of Nature*, and of the *Christian Revelation*, in answer to Tindall's *Christianity as old as the Creation;* and this work is said to have been the best which was published during that famous controversy. He dedicated it to Queen Caroline, and in the dedication, speaking of himself, he says, " that by the immediate hand of an avenging God, his very
" thinking substance has, for more than seven years, been
" continually wasting away, till it is wholly perished out of
" him, if it be not utterly come to nothing."* It has been said that this mental malady originated " in some strong
" impression and subsequent invincible association, connect-

* For an entire copy of the dedication see the Adventurer.

" ed with, or perhaps producing a change in the organiza-
" tion of the brain." This opinion is advanced by Dr. Percival, who says, " that, perhaps having acquired an early
" predilection for the writings of Plato, he might afterwards,
" in some season of hypochondriacal dejection, fall into the
" gloomy mysticisms of the later followers of that amiable
" philosopher: For Plotinus who flourished in the third cen-
" tury of the Christian era taught that the most perfect wor-
" ship of the Deity consists not in acts of veneration and of
" gratitude, but in a certain self annihilation, or total ex-
" tinction of the intellectual faculties."

HERBS.

It is well known that herbs, as a diet, have been condemned by physicians. Cabbage, of all others, has received the least of their mercy. They have declared it to cause troublesome dreams, to send up black vapours to the brain &c. A meal of herbs is universally condemned; and those cooks, who used to provide meals of such a description, are well ridiculed in the Pseudolus of Plautus, by a brother cook, who, it seems, had attained juster principles in his science.

" Non ego cœnam condio ut alii coqui solent,
" Qui mihi condita prata in patinis proferunt,
" Boves qui convivas faciunt, herbasque aggerunt.
" Like other cooks I do not supper dress,
" That put whole meadows into a platter,
" And make no better of their guests than beeves,
" With herbs and grass to feed them fatter.

" Our Italians and Spaniards," says the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, " make a whole dinner of herbs and

" sallets" (which Plautus calls *cænas terrestres*) by which means, as he follows it,

" Hic homines tam brevem vitam colunt—
" Qui herbas hujus modi in alvum suum congerunt,
" Formidolosum dictu, non esu modo
" Quas herbas pecudes non edunt, homines edunt."
" Their lives that eat such herbs must needs be short,
" And 'tis a fearful thing for to report,
" That men should feed on such a kind of meat
" Which very juments would refuse to eat."

GANGANELLI.

Of all those pontiffs who have for so many years successively filled the chair of St. Peter, Clement XIV [Ganganelli] seems to have heen one of the worthiest. When we remember his obscure origin, his belonging to the unambitious order of St. Francis which professed poverty, and the humility of his condition and character, his elevation is indeed surprising. He seems to have been introduced to the esteem of the learned, and to the notice of the publick, exclusively by the force of his genius and erudition, for no man was ever less aspiring, or less ambitious of popular applause. Though elected sovereign pontiff in most tempestuous times, his vigilance and prudence were remarkable. Honesty marked his publick life; for he did not even avail himself of his situation to advance his relations, as almost every other pope had done, considering ecclesiastical honours as too sacred to be devoted to the aggrandisement of a family.—The letters, which go under the name of Ganganelli are thought to be spurious, though the learning and liberality they discover are such as might have been expected from the illustrious pontiff.

POETRY.

How often do we see the truth of the common remark, that poetry is the inseparable companion of love, justified by experience! Indeed, no lover of *taste* can possibly do without it. A sonnet or two, at least, is utterly indispensable. It is equally true, that no one ever writes verses without having felt that passion, or at least being entirely defenceless against its power, and even courting its advances. I know of no writer who expresses his opinion so plainly, as Menage. "As poetry," says he, "is the flower of science, "so there is not a single person of education, who has not "composed, or at least wished to compose verses; and as "love is a natural passion, and poetry is the language of "love, so there is no one who has written verses, who has "not felt the effects of love."

OBITUARY.

DIED on Monday last, EDWARD GRAY, member of the senior sophister class in this University. It is with pain that we are obliged to add another name to the list of those companions, whose deaths in such sad succession we have been called to lament. To mild and amiable virtues, Gray united studious habits, and much various information. His life was indeed short, but not useless, nor stained by vice; and his death will not have been lost to survivors, if the remembrance of his virtuous character excite them to its imitation. While we are allowed to receive pleasure from the society of friends, their death ought to convey a serious admonition to our minds, and produce a salutary influence on our conduct.